

The Dragon Trainer and The Dragoness

by truetothename

Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Friendship, Hurt-Comfort

Language: English

Characters: Hiccup

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2014-03-15 02:46:41

Updated: 2015-04-16 02:31:21

Packaged: 2016-04-26 17:04:22

Rating: T

Chapters: 9

Words: 16,542

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: With no knowledge of what happened the night you ran away, you wake up in unfamiliar surroundings. With an encounter of both creature and human, the life you thought was over starts anew. Reader X Hiccup

1. Chapter 1

****A/N:**** This is a collaborative story between myself and Serenpuppy16!

Enjoy!

* * *

><p>Chapter 1<p>

A soft golden light slowly takes over the forest, signalling the beginning of the sun's ascent. Animals began to stir, birds chirping happily in the new warmth of the early morning. Reluctantly, you blink your eyes open, quickly shutting them in protest at the light that stung them mercilessly. With a groan, you roll onto your side, your cheek meeting with the cool earth beneath you. Pulling yourself into a sitting position with your back to the sun, you recall the previous night's events.

You had run away from home after someone in your tribe had discovered your secret. However, you weren't exactly sure how you ended up here. As far as you remembered of last night, you had been on your home island. One glance at the trees around you told you that you were no longer 'home'. You wracked your brain, trying to find the answer to this quizzical puzzle. With a defeated sigh, you grab onto a low, rather weak looking branch of the pine and try to pull yourself up. Nearly on your feet, the branch snaps and sends you tumbling backwards. Seconds later, a sharp pain shoots up your spine as you collide with a hard surface, a sharp cry in pain slipping from your

lips.

Wincing, you rock forward onto your hands and knees, taking in small breaths. As the pain slowly eases off, you straighten your figure and stand. Curious as to what the hell you had hit, you turn your head slightly to gaze over your shoulder. Your eyes widen as they take in the object. Before you was an old ship, though the hull was still firmly held together. The sails were torn and burned, barely clinging to the broken masts that been blackened by fire. The shadows seemed to extend and reach out towards you, sending a chill down your spine.

Taking a step closer, a strong, musty smell mixed with charred wood hits you, causing you to step back in retreat. Coughing, you cover your nose and mouth, trying to filter fresh oxygen into your lungs. Upon closer inspection, you could see faint traces of smoke rising from the mast. Your body tensed instantly, an eerie feeling coating you like a blanket. Every nerve in your body was screaming at you to run, but your curiosity compelled you to move your feet forward.

As you approached the gaping hole in the side of the boat, you try to peer inside. Broken boards littered the ground, one snapping under your weight and setting you off balance. Steadying yourself, you place a hand onto the ship to help you inside the lower deck. As your foot makes contact with the floor, the mast falls completely and scatters dust and ash, earning a scream from your startled figure. Your body jerked as the floorboards above creaked and groaned under the weight of the mast.

All noise seemed to cease, the silence heavy and suffocating. The suspicious feeling of being watched gnawed at your conscious. Venturing closer to the broken staircase, an intense heat choked the air. Gasping at the loss of oxygen, you step back and inhale desperately. Beads of sweat formed on your forehead and neck, and breathing became laborious. Leaning against the wall of the ship, you took slow, deep breaths and tried to relax.

Eyes scanning the remnants of the room, they fall upon a gleaming blade embedded in the wood. Walking over, and with quite a bit of effort, you manage to pull the sword free. The hilt was two winged dragons, their tails intertwined with a crescent moon above them. Between them, a human infant was swaddled in torn cloth. A wing from each dragon appeared to hold the child up, keeping it safe from danger. Looking at the dragons, you noticed they were looking at the child lovingly rather than the menacing look they appeared to be at first glance.

'What the hell was going through this person's mind...?' You thought quietly. Moving your attention to the blade, you noticed it was double edged. On the blade, in a language you had never seen but strangely understood, was the inscription "Only through trust can peace be achieved." Tilting your head in slight confusion, you look to the other side of the blade where more words were etched in. This time, it read "Soul of a dragon, heart of a human." Staring at the sword, you looked around for a sheath to conceal it. Only finding a torn piece of leather, you knelt down and grasped it in your hand.

Curious as to how sharp the blade had been, you lightly ran your fingers along one side. Instantaneously, blood began to drip from

your fingertips. Blinking, you stared at your hand for a moment before it registered in your mind that you had been cut. Shaking your hand, you dress the blade in the leather carefully, using an old rope to secure the weapon against your back. Mumbling a string of curse words under your breath, you scan the charred room for something to wrap your hand with, not noticing the glowing, slitted eyes watching you from the shadows.

With your focus trained on finding a bandage for your hand, the eyes follow your every move. Finding nothing in the area below, you make your way back towards the wooden steps. Getting a good breath before advancing towards the heat, you ready yourself and step forward. Concentrating on getting to the upper deck, you cautiously take the stairs two at a time. Breaching the surface, a cooled breeze brushes your cheeks. Inhaling deeply, you welcome the fresh air and gaze around.

The mast that had snapped and fallen lay only feet away, the heat from the charred wood drifting towards you. The upper deck was covered with strips of the torn sail, the remnants of what you assumed to be weapons, and splatters of dark stains which you knew to be blood. Bodies lay scattered around, all completely unrecognizable. You shudder at the grim sight, the air soon tainted with the smell of decay and blood. Getting to your feet, you step over the mutilated corpses and make your way towards the remains of the sail. Now closer, you could see blood also stained the thick cloth, the red liquid splattered across it. Gripping a torn section, you rip off a piece and wrap your hand.

Taking one last look at the carnage, you walk towards the bow of the ship. Thoughts raced through your mind, each one about how the ship could have ended up in the forest. Seconds pass by as you look out at the forest, lost in your own mind. Consumed in the mystery of the ship, you fail to notice a shadow overtaking your own. Once the sensation of being watched washes over your body, you glance up and take note of the larger silhouette. Your body quickly tenses, feeling a heated breath hit the nape of your neck, followed by a low growl. Ever so slowly, you glance over your shoulder, meeting slitted eyes staring down at you. You were now face to face with a very large creature; a dragon.

2. Chapter 2

Fear kept you frozen to the spot. You knew that wild dragons have aggressive behaviours, and you certainly did not want to scare this beast in fear for your life. The massive dragon's eyes were trained on your own, almost seeming to stare deep into the fabric of your body and reading your soul. They seemed calculating and hard. Your body senses were on overdrive: the need to run and stay put, to remain calm and panic. While your mind and heart were racing, your eyes remained stuck to the dragon's eyes. It was only when it breathed on your skin again when you snapped out of your self-induced trance and really looked at the dragon.

It's eyes were differently colored. One starlight silver, the other a piercing blue. This struck you as strange, yet captivating. Reluctantly, you peeled your eyes away from the eyes of the dragon and looked at the rest of it's face.

The scales were a deep blue, like the ocean in a storm, or the sky during the last moments of dusk. White dusted the deep blue, similar to that of the dusting of stars at night. However, the only noticeable pattern that drew your attention was a claw shaped mark on it's forehead, shining a soft silver color, like the color of the moon.

The feel of something moving around your feet captured your sudden attention. Looking down, the dragon's tail had wrapped around your feet. In surprise, you tried to step back, but instead caught your foot on the tail and you stumbled back, the back of your knees hitting the railing of the ship. You knew what would happen, and you desperately grabbed the air, trying to find something to steady yourself on. Before gravity could catch up with you however, the massive head of the dragon reached out and grabbed the front of your tattered shirt in between it's teeth.

Pulling you in, it set you right and released it's gentle hold on you. Your brain seemed to stop functioning correctly as you realized what had just happened. The dragon had saved you from falling a rather unpleasant distance, instead of just letting you fall. It also hadn't decided to set you aflame yet. Given these observations, and the way the dragon's eyes now looked gentle and caring when it looked at you, you concluded that, at the least, it did not want to kill or eat you.

Several moments of silence passed, and the dragon made no other sudden movements. 'I wonder.' Your hand moved towards the dragon's head. The dragon's eyes flickered to your hand as it came up, but it remained still as a stone as the hand got ever so closer.

You reached out, but paused at the last second, your palm only inches from the nose of the dragon. You didn't know if the dragon would turn on you the moment you touched it. But if the dragon saved you from falling, then it's most likely good. But what if it was faking you out?

During the time that your mind was racing with these questions, the dragon had pressed it's nose into your palm, and scared you back into reality. It was gentle, and warm, in contrast to the cool colors of it's scales. The dragon's skin vibrated, and a sound almost like that of purring reverberated from within the dragon's chest, and shook your own.

It was a pleasant feeling: your chest and the dragon's chest vibrating in synchronization.

The moment was ruined when the dragon pulled it's head back, looking you in the eyes again and seeming to almost chuckle, it's chest bouncing and a deep throaty sound coming from it. Looking at it more closely, it looked like it was smiling: mouth pulled back to reveal rows of sharp teeth. You couldn't help but smile too.

You both stood like that, staring and examining one another, until the dragon decided to move towards the side of the charred ship. It looked down at the forest floor, then back at you. You understood it. Moving towards the railing, more cautiously this time, you judged the distance between your position and the floor. It was quite a ways down, but it wouldn't be a problem if you went down more carefully than last time.

You stripped yourself of your jacket and tattered shirt, revealing leathery wings which had been carefully folded and wrapped around your torso and tucked slightly into your loose pants. Giving them a good stretch, you looked over at the dragon in confirmation, and you leapt off the broken boat with the dragon. Using your wings, you softened your fall to the ground, landing delicately on the earth.

You had to keep your other self a secret. Thisâ€¦ half of you. This is why you had run away. No one else could know. What would happen if they realized that someone they had put their trust in turned out to be one of the creatures that killed them? That is exactly what had happened last night, and your last resort was to escape. However, the night became a blur at a certain point. The ship, the slaughter, the new island. You had no memory of it.

The dragon beside you let out a purr, nudging your arm with it's nose. You smiled and reached out to pet it's muzzle after you had folded up your wings again and replaced your shirt and jacket.

"What to call you?" The dragon looked up at you curiously. "You look like the night sky, so a name with 'night' in it seems the most appropriate." You replied to the dragons expecting look. "How about Nightfire?" The dragon snorted. Obviously it didn't like that.

"What about Nightflight?" The dragon's glare told you that you would probably get burned if you said that again. "What? Just asking. What about Nightmare?" This time it's massive head shook back and forth. "You have to like something. How about Nightsong?"

At the sound of that name, it's eyes lit up, and that grin from before came back. "Alright, Nightsong it is." You smiled and laughed as Nightsong's head nudged your hand gently. Pulling your attention away from the affectionate dragon, you looked around you. The forest was painted in orange and yellow and red from the early morning sun.

However, even though it was the same light you have always seen at home, this light seemed foreign. It showed before you a different land. Looking back at the scorched boat, you let out a breath you had been holding. Turning away from it, you took your first steps into the unknown land before you. "Let's figure out where we are, shall we?" You murmured to the dragon at your side, and you both walked off into the forest, hoping to find some kind of landmark to help aid you in figuring out where in the world you were.

3. Chapter 3

After walking for what seemed like hours, you stopped and leaned your body against a tree. Your legs felt like they had lead bars strapped to them, weighing them down. The sun had risen long ago, and was currently in the middle of the now baby blue sky. With a heavy sigh, you glanced over at Nightsong and smiled slightly. The night colored dragon lightly nudged your hand, brushing your palm against the moon-like scale pattern. Your heart skipped a beat, your body still not accustomed to the feel of the dragon's body.

Glancing at your surroundings, you took notice that the trees had

gradually thinned. Though the terrain had smoothed out, it provided less protection from the scorching heat. An irritated groan slipped from your lips as you realized you had no water. You didn't have anything but the clothes you wore and the sword on your back. Your stomach growled loudly, a reminder you had not eaten in over 21 hours. Cursing your stomach, you pushed off from the tree and began your journey once again.

Your stomach continued to complain, leaving a dull pain in your stomach accompanied with a dizzying headache. The heat was no help to the sick feeling in your gut, rather making it worse. Placing the back of your hand to your forehead, you wiped away the sweat that stung and blurred your vision. Shaking all thoughts of food away, you tried to concentrate on discovering where you were. The large, scaled reptile glanced at you, a flash of worry in it's eyes as it watched your form sway slightly. Pressing your palm into the rough bark of a tree, you took deep breaths and tried to cool yourself down. Only a single solution stood out; you had to strip the thick clothing you wore which concealed your secret.

Double checking the area, making sure that the only one around was Nightsong, you took a slow breath and began to shed the jacket. The air instantly felt a few degrees cooler, a rather big relief to your overheated body. Checking one more time, you glanced at the scales running from your knuckles to your elbows. They started as a pale, yet bright red, slowly fading to a deep grey. You flexed your fingers, watching the scales move with the muscles under the skin. Sighing softly, you proceed to remove your shirt, your wings unwrapping themselves from your torso and stretching towards the sky.

Now only in your chest wrapping, you flapped your wings gently to create a breeze. The scales that coated the wings matched the ones on your arms, the stretched skin a greyish white, becoming darker near the top. Content with the feeling of giving them a good, needed stretch, you gather your discarded clothes and set off.

An hour had passed when you came to halt, finding a small lake in an equally small valley. You knew what had to be done. Carefully, you unwound your thin tail from around your leg in your pants, and freed it from it's wool confines. Taking a breath, you gave your wings a few test flaps before leaping over the cliff side. Wings beating gently, and with quite some effort, you landed on the ground with a soft thud.

Picking yourself up, you gazed up to Nightsong. The dragon simply looked at you, doing what you could only guess was laughing at your landing skills. After it's own jump, Nightsong landed gracefully beside you, tucking it's wings in against it's sides. "Show off..." you muttered under your breath. "Now that I think of it... I don't know your gender, do I?" The deep blue dragon shook it's head, peering at you with its heterochromatic eyes. "Well... you like to show off like a guy, but you're graceful like a female... are you both?" You asked jokingly. Clearly unamused, the dragon whipped your leg with it's tail, huffing in irritation.

"Ow! I was kidding!" Mumbling, you could feel a welt rising on your thigh. "Given the offense you took, you must be a female." Giving you a more gentle glance, Nightsong gave a nod and a swift flap of her wings. You two proceeded to the clear water, both in need of a cool

drink. Looking at the surrounding rock walls, you were thankful for once that you had your wings, getting out without them would be a challenge. Propping yourself against the trunk of a tree, you watched your newfound companion try but fail to catch the fish that swam just out of her reach. Laughing softly to yourself, you lean back against the bark and close your eyes.

Once things had fallen silent, the splashing of Nightsong's failed attempts to catch a fish ceasing, you open your eyes curiously. Finding her face to face with you, you let out a startled shriek and press your body against the tree. The female dragon looks at you, amused by your reaction. Looking at the sun's position in the sky, you decided to continue with your exploration. Opening your wings, you beat them gently, a small smile curling on your lips. As your body lifts, you aim for what you hope is a safe destination to land.

In the distance, you could see faint, almost white traces of smoke drifting into the air. It was not the smoke of burning homes, but the smoke that came from chimneys or fires used for cooking. Stopping momentarily, you stare at the nearly invisible smoke. Snapping yourself out of your trance, you resume walking in that direction. It quickly became more evident there was a village nearby: traps laid out for animals hidden by leaves had caught your eye. Daring, you ventured a bit further until you could see the rooftops of the buildings. You looked on in curiosity.

Taking in a small breath, you look to your companion, curious on her thoughts. She appeared unsure, her ears pinned back. Giving a reassuring smile, you turn your attention back to the faint traces of smoke. "As long as we don't get too close, we'll be okay. We just have to stay hidden." Nightsong simply stared at you, looking from her scales and back, her expression one of annoyance. "Yeah... I guess a dark dragon couldn't hide very well during the day." Her wings ruffled in reply, her stare fixated in the direction of the smoke.

You cautiously proceeded forward, keeping to the cover of trees. To your disappointment, and Nightsong's, little to no trees were near the village. This meant being noticed was now a high risk, something you didn't want to take. Not with your first friend in danger of being killed. You kept to the outskirts, though the sweet smell of roasted lamb, mutton, vegetables, and fish swirled around you, beckoning you both closer. The food smelled so good, you hadn't realized you had stepped into the village. Only when the tail of the female dragon wrapped around your leg did you notice.

You quickly retreated out of sight, though your stomach's growling alone was almost loud enough to give you away. Nightsong glanced at you curiously, then back to the cooking meat. Sighing, you stepped back into the shadows, wrapping your wings around your body. Once they were snug, you replaced your worn out shirt and looked up. Nightsong was watching the vikings carefully, her eyes flickering from one to the other as they moved. Momentarily, they had slipped inside, talking about adding more to the fire.

Watching the meat and fish cook, rotating on the hand cranked roaster, you licked your lips and held your stomach. The scent was torture, teasing and sickening to your malnourished body. Your gaze traveled to a moving shadow on the left, sneaking towards the food.

Only seconds passed before you whipped your head to where Nightsong had been, but she was no longer there. Panic swelled quickly in your gut, watching her slink closer to the open fire roasting.

In one swift motion, when all were distracted, the female reptile snagged the meat with a speed you didn't know was possible, even for a dragon. She had moved silently, with precision and stealth you wouldn't have believed without seeing it for yourself. You stared on in shock as she made her way back to you, glancing over her own shoulder to ensure she had gone unnoticed. You would have to thank her for the food, and scold her for being so reckless. With a shaky breath, you gave a smile as she sat in front of you.

Looking to the sky, the sun was beginning to set, painting the sky a mixture of blues, pinks and purples. The sight relaxed your mind, and slowed your racing heart. Quickly, and as silently as you could with an angered stomach, you retreated to the treeline with Nightsong beside you. Judging the distance, you made sure it was safe before sitting to eat. You gave a stern glare to Nightsong, dividing the rations evenly for both of you. "Don't do that anymore. You could've gotten hurt! I don't wanna lose my first friend..." Nightsong looked at you, then, for the first time, she gently nuzzled your cheek with her nose. Her tail gingerly wrapped around you, her eyes seeming apologetic. Your heart fluttered and raced again, excited about the new affection she showed.

Setting her portion down, you sank your teeth into tender meat, an explosion of flavor bursting from the mutton. It was unlike anything you had eaten. Each time you chewed, the flavor seemed to get stronger. It was savory and juicy, with a hint of hickory flavor. You closed your eyes, enjoying each bite you took. Once finished, you smiled brightly at your companion. She appeared pleased as well, her tongue stuck out between her lips while her eyes were half closed. You giggled to yourself and relaxed against a tree.

The sky's color soon faded, matching the scales of Nightsong. Had she not been on the ground, she would be invisible against sky. You were now more grateful than ever that she was a friend, not an enemy. If that were the case, you thought, you wouldn't stand a chance. She was fast, precise, and stealthy, no one would see her coming under the cover of night. You wondered what her firepower was. Some dragons used fire, others boiling water. Some attack from beneath the ground, or by using spikes from their own body. The curiosity sparked all the knowledge you had on dragons, what you had learned running through your mind.

Closing your eyes, you slowly lean against Nightsong, judging her reaction. Startled at first, she looks at you with her ears perked up. Relaxing, she lowers her head onto her paw like feet and purrs faintly. Your lips twist into a smile as you lean into her, slipping yourself under her wing. Yawning softly, you place a hand over your mouth out of habit. You give one more look at the dragon, hoping with all your willpower that this wasn't a dream your subconscious had conjured up. Shutting your eyes once more, you drifted into a light slumber.

Shortly after, you were awoken by the screams of the nearby village. You jumped to your feet and looked over, eyes wide with panic. One word sent you into overdrive; they were shouting "Dragon!". Your eyes followed where they had pointed. The sky was now littered with wild

dragons, each one diving down and attacking. The villagers countered with their own weapons. Axes, maces, swords, shields and daggers were seen clashing with the beasts. All the vikings were fighting, all except one.

A boy, around your age, was being dodged by the others, working around him. You couldn't quite make out his features, but something was... different about him. The only distinguishable feature was messy brown that swept across his forehead. Captivated by him, you stared for a moment until a fireball had been hurled towards the forest. You were about to run, when Nightsong growled loudly from behind you. Slowly, you turned your body towards her, a Monstrous Nightmare staring you down.

4. Chapter 4

The Monstrous Nightmare kept it's eyes narrowed at you both, a growl emitting from the throat of the threatening dragon. You knew that this one wouldn't miraculously end up to be friendly, so you drew the sword on your back and stood your ground alongside Nightsong.

The two dragons before you were having a standoff, circling one another but neither one advanced any closer than eight feet from the other. While the Nightmare growled and bared its teeth, Nightsong hissed in reply and extended her wings out from her sides. You didn't know how, but you knew that she was issuing a threat to the other dragon: either attack and suffer, or flee and survive. The Nightmare probably figured this out too: after a few growls and another half circle, the wild dragon shot a blast of fire at the ground in front of it in annoyance and turned towards the village.

You followed it's path to the village with your eyes, and even though you had no connection with the village, you felt pity and surprise at what had happened. Several homes were ablaze in the night, illuminating the vikings which were running about with weapons glinting red and yellow in the light of the fires.

Amid the chaos of dragon versus viking, you noticed that same boy from earlier. He was pushing a rather heavy looking contraption. This rather intrigued you, and you followed him with your eyes as you watched him make his way through the crowd of rushing bodies and towards your location on the edge of the forest. You were so fascinated by his difference, you almost didn't register that he was about to come running straight into you if you didn't move. Nightsong roughly nudged you with her nose, nervous about his closeness. Jumping out of your daze, you also started to panic.

He was too close for you to run away without getting his attention with your noise, so there was only one thing to do. "Nightsong, the trees!" You hissed under your breath, pointing up towards the branches. She understood, and she took your jacket in between her teeth and she frantically clawed and flapped her way into the branches. Just as you both got settled on a high branch, the boy came close, but he turned sharply away from the trees, following the treeline and down a worn path along the forest edge.

You crouched on the branch, gripping the rough bark tightly as you watched him continue along the path. You couldn't help but tilt your head in confusion of why he was running away from the battle, not

fighting alongside his fellow villagers. You were also confused about what the weird contraption he had with him was. You knew that not getting involved with him would be the best course of action for both you and Nightsong's safety, but you were not the most well known for taking the best course of action. Your curiosity took you by storm, and your body started to react without your control in following the boy.

Jumping from tree to tree just inside the forest edge, you stripped your shirt off in mid leap, unwrapping your wings and pulling out your tail, taking flight. It was faster than just trying to jump from tree to tree, and you quickly caught up to the boy, but he had run into a clearing by the cliffside, and you dared not expose yourself in the open. Instead, you glided over to the roof of a nearby home, wanting to get closer, but also stay as hidden as possible.

He was turned towards the edge of the cliff, facing the ocean. The only light supplied for him was the light of the moon and it's reflection on the unsettled water. You could just barely make out his face. His face was tensed in concentration, his hands flexing on the contraption you saw with him earlier, the contraption having the resemblance of a large crossbow. From your position, you could only see one of his eyes, but that one eye shone a deep, dark green in the pale light.

He was muttering something under his breath, but you were too far to make it out. However, you did hear a faint roar in the distance. You turned towards the sound, looking over at the sky beyond the cliff. The color of both the sky and the ocean made it difficult to distinguish between two, melding water and space. It was here that you saw a darker shape against the dark blue space. A lone watchtower stood unmanned and unlit.

Another roar sounded, followed by the hissing of a buildup of energy. You knew what was going to happen. Your foresight proved you right as you saw a ball of dark fire hit the watchtower, and a dark shape followed suit, flying by in a blur of black, and the boy fired the crossbow contraption while falling to the ground in recoil.

However, what you did not foresee, was that the net that was shot from the crossbow made a direct hit on the dragon. Your jaw dropped in surprise as you heard the downed dragon make a pained roar as it sailed towards the far side of the island. Turning your eyes from the fallen dragon, you watched as the boy did a jump in the air with a double fistpump. "Yes, I hit it!" He yelled out, "Did anybody see that?" Waving his arms about, he failed to notice a clawed hand come up from the cliffside. The hand came down, smashing his contraption in the process. You crouched down in fear of being spotted again, flattening down your body and wings to the thatched roof of the home. The sound of his contraption being crushed caught his attention, and he turned around from his celebration to come face-to-face with the same Monstrous Nightmare you had previously encountered. "Except for you."

The Nightmare drew back it's massive head, eyes narrowing and teeth bared. With a roar, the boy sprinted away from the mad dragon as it snapped its jaws at the air the boy had been standing previously.

The boy's yelling faded as he ran back down a path alongside the

cliff edge as he was followed closely by the Nightmare, leading it back towards the village which had mostly contained fires. Your curiosity was even more piqued. He came from a family of vikings, it should have been in his blood to face the dragon head on. Unless, he was either not taught to face them yet (which is surprising given his assumed age), or, he wasn't really a viking?

After you made sure there weren't any other vikings in the area, you leapt from the roof of the current house and onto the next. You continued to jump from roof to roof, following the boy and the dragon closely.

The dragon shot fire at the boy, but he dodged it just barely. Taking refuge in the shadows on a nearby roof, you watched nervously as the boy took refuge behind a large wood pillar. The Nightmare shot a blaze of fire at said pillar, melting the iron ring around the base of the wood, and torching the wood on that side. A few moments passed, and the Nightmare had managed to sneak around to the other side of the burning wood as the boy's head poked out from around the other side.

Before you could leap out from your hiding spot to warn the boy, a rather large viking came barreling in, knocking the Nightmare away in a body slam. You stopped mid-step on the roof, looking at this viking in disbelief. After a few well aimed punches, the Nightmare fled, clearly defeated. This large viking turned to the burning pillar, arms crossed, clearly radiating anger and frustration. The pillar broke, as if by his gaze alone, and fell to the side, revealing the rather startled and nervous looking boy. He, as well as yourself, cringed as the flaming top of the pillar broke free and rolled down the hill, leaving a burning trail of disaster in it's wake.

Turning your attention away from the blazing trail of destruction, you watched closely as the bigger viking clearly started to yell at the boy. You didn't want to hear this verbal anger. You felt this was a personal matter between them, even if the village vikings were starting to circle them.

Getting up from your hiding spot, you flew off towards the forest. You doubted anyone would be paying any attention to the roofs when their attention was focused on other things. But you felt sympathy for the boy. He was getting yelled at in front of the entire village, for something that wasn't directly his fault.

Reaching the safety of the forest, you met up with Nightsong and hid in the safety of the trees, watching the dawn lay its light upon the land. Unbeknownst to you as you escaped, one viking had not been focused on the yelling, catching sight of you.

5. Chapter 5

With the moon now in the center of the sky, you made your way back to the small valley to get some rest. The bright, luminous glow of the full moon lit your path back to the nature-made sanctuary. Nightsong gave a yawn as you both jumped from the cliff, soaring down to the ground. "Yeah, me too. After a good night's sleep we'll feel better." The dragon nodded her head in agreement, making her way to the tree you had slept under earlier that day. Giving your own yawn, you snuggled up to your companion and tucked yourself under her leathery

wing. Closing your eyes, you drifted into a deep sleep.

Images flashed through your mind from the night you fled. You were leaving your home, the one in which you had lived alone in. Your mother died when you were eight, leaving you on your own. You recalled her stories of how you were conceived, and why no one could ever find out your secret. One night while your mother was out gathering wood for the home, she had been ambushed by a dragon. It was the peak of mating season, when the males were more aggressive and hormonal. He had taken your mother by surprise, holding her down until he was satisfied. Once he had left, your mother retreated back to her home and locked herself in.

You recalled how she had spoke of curling up in a corner, afraid to even leave the house for fear of being attacked again. The villagers had been harsh about her misfortune, calling her a desperate, lonely bitch. You resented your father for what he had caused, making tattered ruins of your lives. You were now 14, and heading home when you were attacked by a group of boys. To them, you were just some girl to be sold for money. One grabbed your wrists while the other two tore your jacket and tossed it aside. Struggling, you managed a kick to their stomachs. Throwing your head back, it collided with the other's nose. By instinct, he released you and stumbled back in pain.

Running as fast as your feet could carry you, you bolted towards the house; the only safe place for you. You rounded the last corner too quickly, your shoes unable to get traction and causing you to slide. The impact with the ground had ripped your shirt, exposing your wings. As you stumbled to your feet, you glanced up to see a child of about 10 years staring at you, mouth agape. Paralyzed with fear, you locked eyes with the child. Neither of you moved, frozen to the spot. Suddenly, his screams filled the air, and you took off once again. You ran to the house, only grabbing a few things; pictures of you and your mother, the locket she had given you, and the claw of your father that your mother kept.

Once you had tucked the items away safely and grabbed new clothes, you opened your wings and leapt into the sky. You were flying under the cover of night, enjoying the feeling of the wind on your face and under your wings when the face of a dragon flashed before your eyes. It was so sudden, menacing and close. It hissed and roared loudly, opening it's jaws widely. Then, everything went blank. You sat up in a cold sweat, your heart racing and pounding in your ears. You felt a coolness of your cheek, though your body was warm with the new rush of fear and adrenaline. Placing your fingertips to your cheeks, you realized you had been crying while you had slept.

Shaking your head, you blink the remaining tears away and pull yourself into a sitting position. You looked at the slumbering Nightsong and questioned how you became close with the very animal that had destroyed all chances of you ever having a normal childhood. You knew your friendship with the dragon was unusual, absurd to everyone. Yet... you felt a connection with this dragon, one you had not felt with anyone else. Something about Nightsong made her different. Why had she chosen to befriend you, rather than simply kill you off? Was it because you were different? Alone? All the possibilities swirled around your mind in a jumbled mess, moving faster with each thought.

You had felt alone since your mother's death, having no one to converse with. Well, no one that wouldn't risk exposing your secret. You placed a gentle hand on Nightsong's side, feeling them expand and contract as she slept peacefully. You ran your fingers over the smooth scales, almost entranced by the texture of them. You looked at your arms, though your own scales were covered by your clothing. 'I wonder if they feel the same... smooth, strong... almost... comforting...' You thought to yourself. Thoughts of your father seeped back in, a mixture of emotions stirring in your gut. You felt anger for him doing what he had to your mother, a strange sadness for him not being around, nervousness as to if he would have rejected you as his daughter, curious as to if he were even alive. You also wondered what he looked like, or what species he was for that matter.

You bit your tongue, not wanting to think about him or who or what he was. But no matter how hard you tried, the questions pushed their way back in. Why had he chosen your mother? Why didn't he look for a female dragon to mate with? Why was he so close to a village of dragon slayers to begin with? Did he even care that he would have offspring? The more you thought about it, the more you realized what you were really asking with that last question; did he care about you? "Do you, father? Do you care that you had a daughter with a human? Do you care that you left me and my mother own our own, at the mercy and ridicule of others? Do you... do you care about me?"

Tears had started to fall again, your heart aching like a thousand arrows pierced your chest and dove into the beating organ. You hated your father, but no matter how strong your hatred was, curiosity always outweighed it. You leaned into Nightsong, finding a strange, calming comfort in her presence. As your tears hit the ground, you buried your face into the crook of her wing, the tears sliding off of her scales. Your body curled itself until your knees met with your chest. "For once... I'd like to feel accepted... wanted by someone instead of being outcasted, left out in the rain." You longed to know what it was like to be loved. Truly loved.

You tossed and turned the rest of the night, thoughts and memories tugging and pulling at you. Never fully able to go back to sleep, you yawned several times before getting up and walking to the water's edge. Looking at your reflection, evidence of your crying last night, hung around your eyes. They were duller than usual, puffy around the edges and bloodshot. Taking notice you now looked like hell, you cupped your hands and dipped them into the clear water. Rinsing your face, you used a bit of the water to smooth down the strands of hair out of place. Sighing, you gaze into the water for a moment before looking up.

The sky was becoming a soft, baby blue, dotted with wisps of white clouds. The sun's heat was less intense today, to your gratitude. A soft nudge to your back told you that Nightsong was awake, her hybrid eyes scanning your figure. Smiling faintly, you glance over your shoulder at her. Suddenly, the sound of a screeching dragon fills your ears as a black scaled dragon barrels down into the valley, crashing into the ground. Nightsong quickly brushed you behind her, taking a protective stance. Glancing over her shoulder, you stared in awe of the green eyed dragon. "It's... It's a NightFury..."

Upon hearing your voice, the black dragon snapped his head in your direction. Catching sight of Nightsong, it froze in place and stared

at both of you intently. The deep blue female cautiously steps towards the newcomer, her ears pinned back. The other continued to watch her closely, it's gaze switching between the both of you. Nightsong kept you close, her eyes never wavering from the stranger. The new dragon seemed awestruck by the odd sight; a dragon protecting a human. Taking a breath, you inched your way towards the newcomer. Now just a few feet away, you gazed at the dark beast.

You were entranced by it's eyes. They showed fear, yet also a calmness of the current situation. You slowly outstretched your hand, holding it palm up to the dragon. Noticing your sudden closeness, it bared it's teeth and growled. Nightsong growled a single warning, staying by your side. Looking at your companion, you let out a sigh and walked back to the water. Kneeling beside the edge, you swirled your hand on the glassy surface, watching the small wakes crawl over the surface and disperse. Your arm falls limp at your side, the heel resting on the soft soil as your nails dug into it. A light, hardly noticeable nudge to your back snapped you back to reality.

You had fallen prey to the thoughts from last night once again, watching the waves as they had traveled. Slowly, you look over your shoulder. Rather than the deep blue scales and dual colored eyes you had become accustomed to, you gaze met black scales and stunning green eyes. The new dragon had approached you on it's own, seeming to sense your sadness. It's eyes softened as it glanced over your figure, yet retained it's cautious glare. You turned your gaze away from it, looking down at your lap. You felt the gentle nudge again, though this time ignored it. Frustrated with your decision, the new dragon huffed. When you felt it's nose this time, it was harsh. The force used was enough to send you head first into the water.

It was cold upon impact, soaking through your clothes and chilling your skin. Fish scattered from your location, frightened at your sudden appearance. Swimming to the surface, you spit out a stream of water and narrowed your eyes the now laughing dragons. Nightsong had found this humorous as well, their chests rising and falling with low rumbles of laughter. Flustered, you shake out your (h/l), (h/c) hair and swim to the bank of the small lake. Crawling out and standing, you crossed your arms over your chest and mumbled. Soon, you found yourself laughing with them. This was just the thing you needed, a little fun to ease the stress.

Wringing out your hair, you watched the two dragons eye the swimming fish. It then hit you that the new dragon probably hadn't had food in a while, being wild. Looking around, you jog to some nearby vines that had overgrown the rocky cliffside. Grabbing onto a thick vine, you wiggled your sword from it's sheath and sliced the vine free. Making sure you had a good length of it, you double knotted the vine around the hilt. Your mom had taught you spear fishing when you were younger, and you were about to put that knowledge to use. Gripping the handle, blade sideways, you used it like a scope to pinpoint where to throw. Taking aim, you drew back your hand and rocketed the sword into the water.

Slowly, you pulled the makeshift spear out and smiled. You had only took aim at one, but had luckily snagged three. Caught up in the excitement and task of fishing, you failed to notice someone watching you. They stared in awe, shocked by the fact the dragons had not attacked you. Trying to get closer, they had slipped over the edge, now clinging to a vine. To their relief, you nor the dragons took

notice. They crept down the vine, almost to the ground when it snapped. They hit the ground with a thud, this time catching the attention of all three of you. Your gaze snapped to the other human, your eyes widening as both dragons growled and stepped towards him. The new human that had fallen was the boy from yesterday, and if you didn't act fast, he might soon be a dragon's chew toy.

* * *

><p>AN:**

Sorry about the late update! I had a small technical error and had to find a different way to update. With the error solved, I hope to be able to update faster with Livv!

** - Serenpuppy16/ Kimmi**

6. Chapter 6

**A/N: **Sorry bout the wait readers! It's been just a tad busy, but here's the update! Enjoy! -Liv

* * *

><p>The snap and painful thud of body on hard ground had caught your sudden attention, and the attention of the dragons on the bank. Your body went into automatic: you ran out of the water and into the path of the dragons towards the now wide-eyed boy on the ground. Holding your arms out to the sides, you cooed them out of their advancement.<p>

"It's okay, it's okay guys. He's not a threat." The dragons tense stances relaxed, but their untrusting glares did not change.

"What?" His voice made you freeze. Keeping your arms out at the sides, you took a glance over your shoulder at the brunet boy. He had stood up, obviously in some pain, and was walking closer to you and the dragons taking slow, measured steps. "How?"

With his eyes, he looked both of the dragons in their eyes before his deep green eyes came to rest on yours. You didn't answer. Partially out of fear, mainly because you had no idea what to say that wouldn't sound like 'Oh hey there, I can tame dragons'. He stopped a good twenty feet away, confusion written on his face as clearly as ink on paper, but curiosity sparked in his eyes. You slowly turned, keeping your hands close to the noses of the distrusting dragons, and faced the boy. You hoped that you could keep the dragons calm enough to keep the boy alive.

"You," You hoped that the nervousness in your voice couldn't be heard. "You have to go." Your body started to fidget unconsciously, your stomach tightening up and your feet itching to move and run. The two dragons seemed to sense your nervousness, and even though they were still baring their teeth, they started to back away.

"Uhh," He looked from you back to the dragons, then back at you. "Can you, talk to them?" He took another few steps closer, and you matched his steps backwards.

"No," You paused, thinking about it, but then you shook your head. "I don't know." In all actuality, you did have an idea. If you had to take a wild guess, it was because that you yourself were part dragon, and that most likely allowed them to trust you. But you were snapped back out of your thinking when he continued to approach, hand outstretched in defense.

He couldn't find out. No one could. Not after what had happened just a couple days ago. "Don't," You could feel something tighten in your abdomen. "Please, don't."

You saw his eyes flicker to your hands, and you followed his gaze. Your hands had slipped out of your long sleeves, and the scales that covered your skin were clearly shown. Quickly, you hid your arms behind your back. The surprised and scared look in his eyes told you that he saw it.

He saw me. Oh Odin he saw me. It's going to happen all over again. The panic rose in you. Instinct took over. You knew you had to leave. Taking one last look at the boy's face, you whipped around and ran towards the two dragons who had backed up a fair distance away. "Wait!" The voice behind you did nothing to calm you as you took a panicked look at your hands. The scales that normally lay just at the knuckles on your hands were slowly climbing up your fingers, your nails slowly growing and curving out.

"I'm not going to hurt you!" In this circumstance, you would have taken any chance to flee, but the desperateness in his voice is what caught you. As you reached Nightsong, instead of hopping on the dragon and making a run for it, you stood by her side, hiding your hands against her as you looked at the boy cautiously. He had been running towards you, but he stopped as you stopped, keeping the same distance he had before. "I'm a friend,"

"How do I know that? How do I know you won't do something to me?" Your body pressed further into Nightsong's side, her wing shifting over to cover you protectively.

"If I meant to do something to you, I would have run off long ago to tell my tribe about it. Trust me." His hands were displayed out, a sign of offering his trust.

You couldn't help but look at him curiously. He was either very brave, or very sure of himself that he wouldn't be hurt by these two dragons and yourself. However, if he stood up to two dragons, then he must have some kind of demented bravery that borders stupidity.

"What do you want?" Even though he meant no harm, and you were fairly certain of that, you kept away, and didn't stray from Nightsong's side. You couldn't trust anyone, even if they offered their trust out on a hypothetical silver platter. He remained silent for a few moments after your inquiry, but he took a few steps closer, which earned a threatening growl from both dragons at your side. His eyes flickered to your hands resting against the dark blue scales of your dragon, despite your best efforts of trying to keep them out of sight.

"Your hands," He motioned his head to your hands. You knew what he was asking about. Reluctantly, you pulled your hands away from

Nightsong's side after you looked at them, to make sure that they had returned to normal with your slowing heart and relaxing nerves. He had already seen you getting along with two dragons, not to mention noticing your hands earlier. Your secret was out, more or less. What else did you have to lose? He promised you trust, and that was the only thing that he could offer you. You held a hand out in front of you, offering it to his curious gaze. "Scales?" He took another few steps forward, only a few feet in front of you now. You heard a hiss from behind you, but knew that she wouldn't attack him if you were willing to get closer to him. He reached one of his own hands out towards yours, but you pulled back.

You assumed he understood that, so he pulled his hand back. "What happened?"

"Nothing. I was born with it." You rubbed your hands together nervously, the feeling of your scales comforting and familiar.

"How?"

Looking him directly in the eyes now, you couldn't help but notice the deep forest green of his eyes. They almost seemed to be a part of the land, the green of the foliage a part of his eyes. You also couldn't help but notice his clothes: a worn fur vest with a shirt almost the same color of his eyes. You could tell that he was a part of the land.

"I'dâ€| rather not say." You shifted your glance to the dragons behind you, making sure that they were still present and hadn't gone into hiding.

"Why are you with those dragons?"

"Don't ask me, ask them." You threw a thumb back at their direction. "If you can that is." The boy smiled and chuckled (somewhat nervously as well as laughingly) at your light hearted statement. "This dark blue dragon found me first just the other day. Then this fellow over here" You pointed at the Nightfury standing next to Nightsong, "comes barrelling in out of nowhere."

"That's my fault, actually." He sheepishly looked at the dark dragon behind you. "I, uhh, kinda shot him down last night" The image of him shooting down that dragon flashed in your mind, but you didn't say anything. "and so I went looking for him. I found him, freed him of the binds. Although I think he considered killing me, instead, he flew here."

"Then why did you shoot him down if you just ended up freeing him?"

The boy froze, his eyebrows raising in a look of surprise and thought. The look on his face told you everything you needed to know: even he wasn't too sure of himself. Quickly, as to not frustrate him, you changed the subject. "I should probably introduce ourselves before we start to ask more questions. The dark blue dragon behind me is Nightsong," Said dragon snorted. "And I'm (y/n)." The boy looked between you and the female dragon.

"No name for him?" He gestured towards the Nightfury.

"Not yet." You said laughingly as you turned to look at the Nightfury, his ear flap flicking in acknowledgement.

You turned back to the brunet, and once he knew he had your attention, he spoke. "My name's Hiccup."

7. Chapter 7

You stared at him for a moment, not sure if you had heard him correctly. Blinking in confusion, you tilt your head slightly to the right. "Yes, my name is actually Hiccup." He looked at you, having clearly read your facial expression. Realizing you had been staring, your cheeks flush a light pink. "I... um... sorry. Your name just caught me off guard..." You look away shyly, rubbing your arm sheepishly. "It's... okay. I get that a lot. I'm not exactly named for my skills as a Viking." You smile a little and glance at him, your blush deepening slightly. "I know what you mean..."

He gave a small smile, turning his attention to the two dragons. You noticed the small spark of curiosity in his eyes as he looked at them, his smile slowly fading into a look of wonder. Glancing over your shoulder, you noticed Nightsong had relaxed slightly, her gaze still untrusting of the boy. The black scaled male had backed away a few more feet, occasionally baring its teeth. Slowly, you reached your hand out to it. He still seemed apprehensive, but he slowly relaxed and crept forward. You watched with a jolt of satisfaction as its nose connected with your palm. It relaxed at your touch, sensing your newfound calmness around the new human.

With a sigh, you glance around at the skies with interest. The shade of blue had darkened, the sun was falling more towards the west. "The sun is setting already?" You questioned, tilting your head slightly. "We have been here for a while... the sun has to set eventually." He replied. You crossed your arms over your chest, giving him a look that seemed to say 'Gee, really?'. He gave a small grin, your heart fluttering slightly in your chest. Your own lips curved up into their own smile, a blush slowly appearing on each of you.

"So... you promise not to tell anyone, and I mean anyone... about my... condition?"

He nodded, his eyes glancing at your hands again. Looking away, you rub your arm shyly. "It's... not something I'm proud of..." you sigh softly.

"I...can't say I understand, but I get it..." he said quietly. You smile a little more, glancing up to meet his eyes. He had taken a step closer, his gaze locked on yours. Your cheeks quickly fade to a soft red, his doing the same. A low growl from Nightsong caused you to break the captivating hold his eyes had on you, making you glance at her.

Her eyes were narrowed, looking up over the edge of the area. Hiccup turned away, his gaze following hers. "I... should probably get going. I'll bring some food for you and the dragons later." You nodded, giving shy smile. As he started off, rain began to drizzle down. Both of you glanced up to see dark grey clouds pushing in, the light from the sun dimming. The rain quickly started to pour down,

Hiccup called to you over the sound of the rain starting to slowly come down harder. "You can't leave in this weather. You could get lost."

"You're right, (y/n). Where can we take shelter?" He asked. "There's a cave not too far from here. That should keep us out of the storm." Taking a breath, you quickly turn to the dragons. "Nightsong... he can't get out of as quickly as you can. Mind giving him a lift?" The dragon narrowed her eyes for a moment, then huffed and spread her wings. "Thank you, Nightsong. I'll get you something special! Hiccup, you have to trust her and hold on. She's... fast." His eyes stared at you blankly, as if he couldn't comprehend what you were saying. "You have to ride Nightsong to get out of here. It's the quickest way to reach the cavern."

"Me? Ride a dragon? That's insane!" He stared at the deep blue female, then sighed. "But if there's really no other way, let's do this." You gave a weak smile, then slid off your jacket. Taking a breath, you hesitated a moment before spreading your own wings. Hiccup's eyes widened as he watched, his mouth slowly falling open. "Yeah... I know... I'm... I'm a freak..." You sighed, your wings wrapping around your shoulders. "No, you're not a freak. Not normal, but not a freak. You're... unique."

A light blush tints your cheeks as you smile a little, your wings flapping gently. Lifting off of the ground, you watch as Nightsong lowers herself to allow Hiccup on. It took him a few tries (and falls from slipping against the slick scales) to get positioned correctly, Nightsong chuckling at his mistakes. Once he was settled, you took to the skies, staying cautious enough to keep out of sight. Roughly five minutes passed by before the cave's entrance came into your line of vision. With a sigh, you land reluctantly, already missing the feeling of the wind under your wings. Glancing over your shoulder, you watch as the two dragons land gracefully, your breath catching in awe of the majestic beings.

Hiccup slowly slides off of the dark blue dragon, staring in amazement. "I... just flew on a dragon... I just flew on a dragon!" He exclaimed, excitement taking over him. As you open your mouth to speak, lightning strikes a nearby tree, thunder shaking the ground only milliseconds later. The dragons jolt and growl before scurrying into the cave, you and Hiccup right behind them. Shaking, you lean against the wall and try to slow your racing heart. Your body trembled as your breath became rapid. You knew this feeling all too well; you were having a panic attack.

Hiccup looked at you, worry filling his eyes as he rushed to your side. "(Y/n)! Are you okay?" He asked, panic rising in his tone. "P... P... P-Panic... a..attack..." you managed to choke out, desperately trying to calm yourself. Sliding down the cold rock wall, you sit on the ground and lean your head back, trying to allow more air into your lungs. Hiccup glances around the cavern, looking for anything that can help. Coming up empty handed, he places his hands on your shoulders and pulls you against him. A deep crimson stains his freckled cheeks as he holds you, your own cheeks staining red.

>Your heart beats rapidly, the sound pounding in your ears like a drum. Everything seemed to fall silent, the lightning darted across the sky, but it was as if the thunder never came. You knew it had, the ground shook beneath you, yet all you could hear was your

fluttering heartbeat. Your cheeks burned with the blush, your head throbbing as the blood rushed through your veins. Your eyes widened as you realized Hiccup was holding you against him. You took notice that your breathing had evened out, but your heart was still racing inside your chest. You were confused and baffled by this oddity.<p>

Glancing down, your blush deepened as you noticed one arm was around your waist, the other wrapped around your mid back. At some point in those short seconds, you had been pulled onto his lap, your legs tucked in slightly. You slowly looked up, your (e/c) eyes meeting his stunning deep green ones. You held each other's gaze for what seemed like hours when you heard a throaty chuckle from the black dragon. With crimson cheeks, you both break the trance and look in opposite directions. Your heart was now beating faster than ever. Feeling a strange thumping against your palm, you looked down to find your right hand placed against his chest. It was then that you discovered the rapid pulse was his own heartbeat.

Slowly, with hesitation, you slide yourself off of his lap and sit beside him, pulling your knees against your chest. Letting out a nervous sigh, you glance at the ground. "Th... Thanks... for calming me down..." you stuttered. Rubbing his arm, he blushed brighter and gives a shy smile. "N-No problem (y/n)..." he replied sheepishly. Turning your gaze outside, you watched as the rain now hammered down and pelted the entrance of the cave. Scooting closer to Hiccup, you inch back from the harsh winds lapping at your bodies. As your body began to shiver, you realized you had left your jacket at the small lake, hidden under the tree. You mentally kick yourself for doing so, shuddering as another chilled gust rushes into the hollow cliff side. "Are you cold?" He asks, his voice now soft. You give a small nod, rubbing your arms in an attempt to get warm.

Hiccup slides off his fur vest, placing it around you gently. A blush stains your cheeks, your body melting into the warmth and surprising softness of the item. Sighing in content, your fingertips run through the brown fur, rubbing it against your cheek. "You seem to be enjoying that... you can keep it, I have a spare at home." He says with a gentle smile. Your eyes lit up and a smile spread on your lips. "Really...?" You ask. He gives a nod and a small chuckle. The wind quickly disperses the warm atmosphere, whipping at your face. Your body shudders violently, the gust bringing rain with it. You utter a squeal as the rain hits your bare skin, sending chills through your nerves. Hiccup helps you further into the cave, out of reach of the rain. Seeing you had gotten wet, he slides off his pale green shirt and smiles slightly. "Here, you need it more than I do. You'll catch a cold if you stay in that shirt..."

Looking over at the boy, your eyes widen slightly as they caught sight of his shirtless body. Your cheeks burned with blush, your eyes scanning over him. He had a lean body, not overly skinny, but not entirely buff. His chest was bare, yet well shaped. His abdomen held traces of abs, faint, but yet you could still make them out. Gasping silently, you felt your mouth fall open as you stared. Turning your vision to his biceps, you noticed they were slightly bigger than they appeared with the shirt concealing them. Your eyes travel over his body once more, before meeting his eyes. His cheeks flushed, you figured he must have caught you staring. Turning your back to him, you removed the vest, then your own wet shirt.

Tossing it aside, it hits the cave floor with a 'shlop' sound. Glancing over your shoulder, you noticed Hiccup had turned away. Seeing this made you smile, even respect him for being a gentleman. Slipping into his shirt, you shivered at the scent. Pine trees and sea water. It was refreshing to you, enticing your senses. The shirt was a bit loose on you, but it was warm and dry. Moving over next to him, you leaned your head back against the wall with a sigh.

The storm raged for hours, not letting up in the slightest. To pass the time, you and Hiccup began talking, stating your opinions and views on different situations. You exchanged stories about each other, though you left out the part about your father. Hiccup listened to you talk about your mom, his smile faltering slightly. With the sight of a dragon, you noticed the slight twitch of his lips. "What's wrong Hiccup...?" You asked, moving a bit closer. "It's nothing, I'm... I'm fine..." he mumbled. Placing a hand on his shoulder, you looked into his eyes. "Hiccup... we've been talking with each other for roughly three hours... you can tell me." You said softly. Taking a breath, he gave a small nod. "My... mother disappeared when I was little... no one knows what happened..." he said. You could see the pain in his eyes, and you could feel your heart breaking.

"Hiccup... I'm sorry... I didn't mean to bring it up..." you say quietly. He shakes his head, his eyes glistening with tears. "You didn't know... it's alright..." he replied. Lifting his head, you wipe the tears as they slide down his cheeks and you look him in the eyes. "Hiccup... I'm sorry. Please... don't be sad... I'm here for you..." you mumble softly. Before you could react, Hiccup wrapped his arms around you in a tight hug. "Thank you, (y/n)... for listening... and being here..." he whispers. You only smile softly, hugging back with equal strength. Pulling away, you smile at each other and look outside.

Darkness had quickly settled in, the silvery moon's light shining into the cave. You, Hiccup and the dragons walked towards the entrance. Nightsong and the Night Fury rush out of the cave and soar, stretching out their wings while you and Hiccup sit at the opening. You two continue talking for a few more hours, deciding it was best to stay in the cave when spotting more clouds in the distance. Laughing at each other's stories, you find yourself becoming close to Hiccup, trusting him more than anyone else since your mother passed away. He knew your secret, and he accepted it. He accepted you the way you were, and it made you feel... wanted. You smiled to yourself, a faint blush on your cheeks. Glancing up at the moon, you both noticed it was fading, though it had been full earlier. >It was now only a crescent, and fading. You and Hiccup watch in curiosity, keeping the conversation going. After another hour or so, the moon was now a bright reddish orange, both of you staring in awe. Neither of you had seen anything like this before, yet you found it to be beautiful. You looked over at Hiccup, who was studying the moon, intrigued by it's transformation. Moving closer to Hiccup, you yawn softly and gaze at the natural phenomenon. Hearing your yawn, the viking boy looks at you with a smile. "Tired?" He asked.<p>

Nodding, another yawn escapes your lips. Hiccup pulls you against him, allowing you to lean on him. A blush quickly grew on his cheeks, causing you to smile. His arm snaked around your shoulder as you rested your head on his chest. Slowly, he placed himself on his back,

attempting to make it more comfortable for you. Hiccup had remained shirtless, yet his body was still warm. You closed your eyes and smiled softly, listening to his increasing heartbeat. The two dragons had returned, lifting you and Hiccup off the ground before carrying you both into the cave. Finding both had become comfortable with you, and that Nightsong was comfortable around Hiccup, she lifted her wing.

You took this as an invitation, nodding to Hiccup. Both of you leaned against her side, the smooth scales relaxing against your face. Hiccup snuggled into her like a small child, making you giggle mentally. You resumed your position, laying your head on Hiccup's chest. The Night Fury slept on the other side of Nightsong, having taken a liking to her. Between the rhythmic beating of Hiccup's heart and the gentle falling/rising motion of Nightsong's breathing, you soon found your eyelids were getting heavy. Unable to fight off the Sandman's sweet temptation, you drifted off to sleep, lightning flashing in the sky as the thunder rolled. In the distance, a set of eyes watched as you slept, narrowed at you and Nightsong, snorting smoke into the air as a growl escaped it's mouth.

A/N: Sorry for the long wait! I had writer's block and at the same time family issues came up that had me down. (Also, feel free to pm me and ask about chapter progress!) Hope this makes up for it!

8. Chapter 8

While your body remained in the safety of Nightsong's side, your mind was in a far less friendly place. Your dream was dark and foggy, and the things you saw were wavering, like you were trying to make out the shapes of familiar surroundings during a violent rainstorm.

What you could make out from the fog and darkness sent chills down your spine and pain was sent coursing through your lower body and back. The cold eyes staring back at you from the shadows held only anger. You started screaming, having a knowledge that the owner of the eyes was not going to hold back in their attack, whenever that attack would happen. The eyes narrowed, a bright glow came from a point below the eyes, and-

You woke up with a jolt, accidentally smacking your head on the edge of Nightsong's wing, which was resting just above your forehead. This in turn woke her up with a surprised jump. While you were rubbing your head, she turned her head over to look at you with worried eyes, rumbling out a worried hum.

You turned to look at her with a chuckle. "It's alright, I'm fine, girl." You placed a hand onto her warm snout in reassurance, and you felt her purr in contentment.

Looking outside the cave, you noticed it was still dark, the faintest sign of any light coloured the sky in navy blue through the black space on the far side of the sky. While looking out into the early morning darkness, you couldn't help but think back to your dream. But whenever you tried to grasp a part of it, it slipped right through your fingers. This frustrated you to no end, for no matter how hard you tried, more and more of the dream slipped from your grasp. Nightsong must have noticed your concentration, for she placed her nose against your shoulder, nudging you out of your self-induced

trance.

"Sorry, I'm trying to remember what I dreamed of, but-" You furrowed your eyebrows, trying yet again to remember, but again, failing. "I can't remember what I dreamed about."

Moving to get up, you felt something warm against your leg. Looking to the source of the warmth, you saw a leg brushed up against your own. Following the line of the leg, you saw the unclothed torso of a boy. Hiccup, that's right—he stayed with me last night.

You studied his face as he slept, watching his slow breathing and his gentle expression. Freckles covered his nose and cheeks. He had a scar, from something you have yet to know about. You caught yourself staring at his face, and quickly looked away, a flush settling into your skin. As you looked down away from his sleeping form, you noticed with confusion of the green shirt and fur vest you were wearing. Touching it, you slowly recalled that Hiccup also gave you his shirt and vest last night because your own clothes were soaked. He'll probably want his shirt and vest back.

Looking around, you noticed your shirt lying on the cave floor. It looked dry from this distance, but of course if you left anything to dry overnight it would be dry in the morning. Looking back at Hiccup to make sure he was still asleep, you slipped off his vest and shirt and placed them gently upon his chest. At least you still had your bindings on, which made it feel less cold than it would be if you didn't have them.

Quickly, you retrieved your torn shirt and slipped it on. This feels much better. Your wings felt stiff, they had been cramped under Hiccup's shirt, and because you didn't want to tear a hole in the back of his shirt, your wings had to uncomfortably stick out from underneath it. Now you were back in your own shirt, your wings resting comfortably through the hole in the back.

As you stretched out, your stomach growled uncomfortably. Nightsong obviously heard, for her rumbling chuckle resounded in the cave.

"Shut up, I'm sure you're hungry too." Smiling, you walked towards the cave entrance. "I'm going to go see if I can catch some fish for us, or at least find something to eat if I can't catch anything." Nightsong let out a rumble in protest, you could tell she wanted to come too. "Song, you know we can't just leave him here with the Nightfury, we don't know if he'll attack Hiccup. Can you keep an eye on both of them for me? Make sure you keep them in check?" She glanced at both the boy sleeping on her side and the black dragon closer to the back of the cave before huffing out in annoyance. "That's my girl. I'll be back before you know it, okay?" Letting out a laugh, you ran out of the cave and leapt, your wings taking the wind and lifting you to the lightening sky.

You had made your way back to the small valley from the day before, knowing that there was a lake there with plenty of fish. Finding a large stick, you spent several minutes sharpening it to a point with your claws before you took up a position at the edge of the lake on a rock outcropping.

A half hour past, the light of dawn tinting the sky and surroundings

in orange and yellow. You had successfully caught five fish, all of which large. Luck had graced you that on your first attempt of spearing one, because the schools were so dense, you instead speared two.

"Time to be headed back then." Murmuring to yourself, you tucked the spear in a crevice of the rocks and picked up the four fish by the gills, then with a few flaps of your wings, took to the sky once more.

It was a calm flight once the wind above the trees caught you, even though the fish weighed you down. I hope Nightsong and the Nightfury will help to cook these, I wonder if the Nightfury and Hiccup are even up yet? But- ahhh, that sun feels good. The sun's light had just pierced the horizon, the first rays shone on your spread wings, sending a comforting warmth through the skin and bone.

Smiling, your eyes started to close, relishing in the warmth of the sun, when a weight came barrelling into you from above. Your eyes flashed open in surprise and fear, the fish slipping from your grasp and the breath being knocked violently from your body.

As you righted yourself in flight, hunched over in pain from the blow, you noticed a large, rust coloured dragon gliding 10 feet away alongside you. In the few second glance you got at it, you recognised the thorny head and stocky body of a Skrill, before you heard something peculiar. Over the sound of the air rushing past your ears, you could have sworn you heard the words 'abomination' being hissed through the wind. You didn't have enough time to ponder this word, for the dragon came at you again, talons extended and eyes full of fury.

You threw your body to the left, spinning down before the dragon could snatch you. As you righted yourself, head spinning and breath coming in fearful gasps, you saw a rust coloured blur coming down from above. The dragon was too fast for you to drop a second time. Rows of teeth connected with your waist, the teeth sinking in to your hips and legs.

Screaming, tears streaming down your face from the wind and the pain, you made desperate attempts to get free; scratching the dragon where ever you could find a hold of, struggling to try and free yourself. Your movements only seemed to anger it further. It adjusted you in it's mouth, so that it's teeth were now sinking into the flesh of your thighs and lower legs: you were dangling by your legs in the mouth of an angry- possibly hungry- Skrill.

"Nightsong!" You screamed out, hoping that she could hear you. "Nightsong! Hiccup!" Flapping your wings and whipping your tail about madly, the panic which was already present started growing, the pit in your stomach getting ever bigger. "Nightsong!" Now sobbing, you whispered your dragon's name, trying to keep close that hope which was quickly slipping away as the dragon flew you further from the cave where the dragons and Hiccup were.

It might have been the rushing wind, or the blood roaring in your ears, but you could have sworn you heard a wild screech. Opening your eyes, you saw a flash of dark blue against the orange sky, and the Skrill which had held you tightly in it's jaws shuddered as the force from Nightsong made contact. Roaring and screeching filled the air as

all three of you tumbled towards earth.

At some point in the fall, you felt the grip on your legs to loosen. As you watched blurry-eyed at the struggle between the two dragons, you slipped from the Skrill's teeth. You barely grasped the concept of falling towards the earth as your vision tunneled.

* * *

><p>AN:** Here's the next chapter guys! We know you've all been waiting! (Don't kill us TwT)

9. Chapter 9

Though your vision was blurred, your wings seemed to take on a mind of their own and shot open. This aided you in gliding to the ground safely with a little more than rough landing. Gasping at the pain that overtook your body as you hit the ground and you hissed under your breath. You attempted to move but found it useless, your nerves protesting with every twist you tried to make. Your attention was brought back to the fight that now took place: Nightsong was standing in front of you protectively. She roared and screeched at the Skrill, standing her ground.

The Skrill opened its jaws, lightning dancing along its metallic spines before collecting in its mouth. 'This isn't good... move Nightsong, move!' You thought frantically, not wanting your companion to get injured. Against your screaming mental desire, Nightsong held her place and growled. A soft, violet-blue glow emitted through her teeth, showing she had her own attack on the ready. Fear welled up quickly, your heart pounding loudly in your chest as the two stood off.

>All at once, three blasts were seen. 'Wait... three?' Blinking, thoughts swirling rapidly, you snap your head to the left, just in time to see the Nightfury. The Nightfury bounded through the forest, and on its back was a strange brown lump. It took a moment to recognize that lump as Hiccup, riding the Nightfury as it leaped with wings open next to Nightsong. As they landed Hiccup jumped off and rushed towards you. Kneeling down, he looked over your blood soaked clothes with fright.<p>

"Oh that's not good... that's really not good... can you move?" He spoke quickly, concern in every word. All you could manage was a weak nod, your vision still heavily blurred. Looking around frantically, he threw himself over you to avoid a stray blast of energy. As you yelled in pain, he scampered off of you and apologized repeatedly. With a soft sigh, you forced a smile to reassure him. Calming slightly, Hiccup gives his own small smile. Looking to your wounds, he winces and removes the shirt and vest.

A deep crimson hue raced across your cheeks as you glanced over his half naked body, your eyes scanning over his chest as you mentally bit your lip. 'Eh?! What am I thinking?! There are three dragons fighting just yards away and I'm staring at his chest! And it's not the first time either!' Scorning yourself, you're quickly snapped back to reality as Hiccup presses his vest to your waist and thighs. Pain surged throughout your body, an involuntary scream escaping your lips. A look of guilt crossed Hiccup's features, and you clamped your jaw shut tightly to spare his feelings.

>Another roar broke the silence, the Skrill fleeing from the area. Nightsong was at your side in seconds, her ears lowered. The Nightfury watched from a distance, his eyes reflecting concern. Lifting you with caution, Hiccup placed you on the dragon's back, also taking the chance to tie the sleeves of the shirt over the vest, holding it in place. Walking to the Nightfury, he kneels down beside it. "Thanks... for helping me get to (yn) and protecting her..." He muttered. The dragon grumbled a moment, then spread his wings and looked to Hiccup. With a slight nod, he mounted the dragon and glanced at you.

You stared in disbelief for a second, then smiled despite the pain. The two were getting along better than before, and you sensed a bond forming between the two of them. Nightsong made a soft growl, making your smile widen. "Let's get back to the cave... these injuries feel like they're on fire." Stretching out her wings, the dragon takes to the skies, being cautious so as not to let you slip off. Closing your eyes, you melt into the serenity of flight and smile. You always love being in the sky; feeling the rush of the wind and seeing things from a new perspective, a dragon's eye view.

>Before much time had passed, the dark blue dragon landed at the cave entrance, making her way inside and to the back. Tilting her body, she slides you down her wing and onto the ground gently, using her tail to prop you against her side. Wincing at the surge of pain, you look up just as Hiccup and the Nightfury land. Hiccup jogged to you and knelt down, peering under the vest. With a small sigh, he gives you a worry filled smile. "It doesn't seem that bad now, just puncture wounds. You'll be fine to walk around in a few days... just take it easy okay?" He whispers. You nod once again and return the gesture, a smile dancing on your lips.<p>

At this, Hiccup seemed to relax a bit and placed himself beside you. A soft yawn escaped you, catching the boy's attention. His eyes scanned over your body, his arm wrapping around your shoulders and pulling you closer. A soft blush stained your cheeks as you found your head on his chest. Glancing up, his deep, forest green eyes met your softly shimmering (e/c) ones. Your breath caught in your throat, your heart beating rapidly. A soft touch of red graced his features as he smiled down at you, pulling you a little closer. "I uh... thought this might be more comfortable..." He stammers, his blush deepening.

"I'd... be lying if I said it wasn't..." You reply, your own blush turning a shade darker. Hiccup gave a shy smile, leaning back against Nightsong. "This is an... interesting morning. Never thought I'd ride a Nightfury alone..." He admitted quietly, looking to the dragon that had been watching them with slight curiosity. The Nightfury flopped onto the ground, his tail soon following him and creating a gentle breeze. Closing your eyes, you smile at the coolness it brought.

A soft hum sounded from Nightsong, who glanced at both you and Hiccup. Her ears twitched in the slightest, her gaze shifting to the Nightfury. You followed her gaze, watching as he inched closer to the two of you. "Have you thought of a name for him yet?" You asked. Hiccup looked to the Nightfury, then shook his head. "Not sure yet... after that feeding I thought he was toothless but..." He paused, then looked at the Nightfury. "Toothless!" He exclaimed. The Nightfury tilted his head, then made a chuckling sound and flicked his tail.

You and Hiccup laughed with the dragon, all at peace. The pain was subsiding, and the blood had seemed to stop flowing. Closing your eyes, you were just dozing off as your stomach growled in anger. After everything, you had forgotten about retrieving the fish you dropped. Mentally facepalming yourself, you let out a small sigh. Hiccup glanced down at you with a small chuckle. "Hungry?" He asks.

Nodding your head slowly, you look up. "I was getting breakfast when I was attacked. I forgot all about the fish I gathered..." You sigh, looking down in sadness.

"Oh c'mon now, it was an accident. Not like you went out thinking 'I hope I get attacked by a dragon and nearly get killed!', right?" He turned your face towards him and smiled. "All that matters is that you're safe..." He whispered. His deep, forest green eyes locked onto your (e/c) ones once again, your cheeks fading to a soft crimson.

Picking up on this, Nightsong shifted her weight and nudged him into you with her leg. In his surprise, his balance was thrown, and Hiccup started to fall forward. Ever so slightly your lips touched against his, your eyes widening. His face flushed a bright red, his own eyes widening in surprise. Seconds later he pulled away, attempting to mutter an apology, only to trip over and slur his words. All you could do was blink, still trying to process what happened. 'Did we just...? Did he just...? He just k...k-kissed me...' You thought to yourself.

Hiccup finally managed a somewhat steady apology, though it took him a good couple minutes to get it out. You were still consumed by your thoughts, your mind trying to process the kiss that just took place. The Nightfury, now named Toothless, let out what sounded to be a laugh. Nightsong only flicked her tail as if she hadn't done anything wrong, looking at the two of you with innocent eyes. Still in shock, every thought you had and every word you heard blended together momentarily, then swirled away. Blinking and snapping back to reality, you looked away shyly.

Nightsong gave her own laugh to the situation, her tail flicking and landing onto Toothless' front left foot. Toothless cast his gaze to the female, blinking slightly. A soft giggle escaped you as you watched the two, thinking that just maybe Nightsong was being what you had been told was 'flirty'. Hiccup coughed nervously, his cheeks still crimson. A gust of wind blew into the cave, carrying the scent of fresh rain, flower blossoms, and the sweet smell of the forest. You indulged yourself in the breeze, allowing it to carry away your thoughts.

Hiccup fell under the captivating spell of the wind, closing his eyes and relaxing against Nightsong. The dragons too became engulfed in the swift wisps of wind, pointing their snouts upward as they sniffed and made what you guessed to be a purr. The only audible noise was the wind, the trees and the soft sounds of breathing. Everything was still and calm, a sweet serenity taking over. Subconsciously you snuggled yourself into Hiccup, closing your eyes and enjoying the sounds of nature. At some point you had dozed off, failing to notice Toothless had made his way to you and Hiccup. >The dragon laid down opposite of Nightsong, the two encasing you and the boy in a protective 'circle'. This increases your sense of

comfort, and allows you to drift off to sleep. While you slept, you began to dream. You were back in the forest, a thick fog covering the land for miles. The smell of rain still lingered, the ground beneath your feet damp to the touch. Another scent tickled your senses, the unmistakable stench of smoke. It was heavy in the air, mixing with the sweeter scent of rain. The presence of it made you freeze, sending a chill down your spine. Everything was eerily silent. No wind, no sounds of nature, no sign of life. You looked around, calling out for Nightsong, Hiccup and Toothless, only to be answered with unnerving silence.<p>

Feeling your way around, an orange glow caught your eye up on the right. Your stomach sank as you drew closer. Something about this didn't feel right, not in the slightest. The fog cleared just enough for you to get a glimpse at the source of the light, your eyes widening. Before you lay a village that had been set ablaze. The remains of houses still burning, adding to the ashes that now scattered the ground. The smoke now choked out the air from your lungs, setting your throat on fire. A fit of coughing seized you, gripping you tightly as you gasped for air. The strength of the smoke was sudden and overpowering, seeming to suck the air from your lungs.

A cry for help rang out from a short distance away, from a voice you knew all too well. Hiccup. You sprinted towards his voice, fear striking your heart. Once you found him, you gasped, tears filling your eyes. He was trapped under several beams, blood dripping down his chin. He reached a hand towards you in desperation, tears sliding down his cheeks. "H-Help me...p...please, (y/n)!" He begged, his voice becoming weak. You locked your hands around his, pulling with all the strength you had. After several moments, you managed to pull him free and tumbled backwards. You quickly scampered to his side, propping him up in your arms.

He placed a gentle, yet cold hand to your cheek. "I... I'm sorry, (y/n)... I couldn't..." He choked out, sorrow in his voice. "You couldn't... couldn't w-what?" You whispered. All he could manage was a weak, strained smile, keeping his hand on your cheek. "You...w... were my best... best friend... I... I'll... I'll always treasure that..." He stammered, his hand sliding down your cheek before falling limp. You watched in horror as the life drained from his eyes, your tears falling like rain. It felt as if someone had taken your heart and ripped it from your chest. You screamed out at the loss of your best friend, holding his body close to you. "No! Hiccup wake up! You... you can't do this to me!" You shouted.

All you received was silence. A cold, heartbreaking silence. "Damnit Hiccup wake u-u-up! Don't leave... please... don't... don't leave..." Your grip on him tightened, not wanting to let him go. You sobbed and screamed into his shoulder, damning everything under the sun. After several moments, you placed him down and closed his eyes. Weakly climbing to your feet, you walk further in. What you saw stabbed more and more pain, until you came across two lifeless bodies. A scream erupted from you as you ran towards them. "Nightsong! Toothless!" Both dragons lay on the ground, covered in what looked to be severe injuries from battle. Screaming out once again, you noticed a dragon in the shadows.

It remained hidden, only watching you with skeptical golden yellow eyes. From what you could see, it appeared to have two sets of wings,

something you have never seen before. You stared at the beast hidden away, holding your ground. The dragon began to step out, just enough for you to see the lower scales were a soft gray, fading to a soft red. It had an underbite jaw and what appeared to be 'horns' extending out and over its eyes, whiskers on either side. Webbed spines rested on either side on its head, leaving a small open space on the top. The webbed spines met with the whisker like ones, leaving a small gap, though connected by a web of skin closer to the jaw. Before you could blink, the dragon rushed you.

Bolting up with a fright, you gasped and looked around with a start. Tears streamed down your cheeks as you saw Hiccup, Nightsong and Toothless sleeping soundly, all alive and well. Your heart raced inside your chest, aching with the dream still fresh in your mind. You pulled your knees to your chest, hugging them as tightly as you could to your body without opening the wounds and you cried into your arms. Hiccup laying lifeless in your arms and seeing Toothless and Nightsong dead had been too much for you to handle. You shook with fear, trying to slow your ragged breathing.

Then that dragon came to mind. That odd one with two sets of wings. What type of dragon was that? Was it the one responsible for the destroyed village? For the death of Nightsong and Toothless? Why did its scales look similar to your own? Why was it in your dream? All these questions raced around with no answers to quell them. Getting lost in your thoughts, you failed to notice the golden yellow eyes watching all of you from a distance, concealed among the clouded sky and thick trees. A soft growl emitted from the hidden creature, it slowly inching closer.

**A/N: Sorry it took so long! I've been so busy with family problems, school and testing that updating was impossible. Plus technological issues. For a while anytime I wrote anything either the device deleted it or the device quit on me. Hope you guys can forgive me, and I hope the little kiss made it better!
>Much love,
~Kimmi**

End
file.